

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES BOTH COUNTRIES CAN LOVE NOTHING."

TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII, NO. 9.]

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 976]

## THE CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

Office on North side of Main Street in the New Masonic Hall, a few doors East of the Court House, and a few doors West of the Norton House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
If paid within three months, \$2.50  
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All letters addressed to the editor must be paid to his attention.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid in full at the option of the editor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—No-  
tice is hereby given that the Probate Court for Hamilton County, the undersigned was appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Robert Brown, deceased, and is now ready to receive claims against said estate, and to pay the same out of the assets of said estate, and to execute the duties of said office.

ROBERT P. THOMAS,  
Administrator.

Nov. 23, 1855.—3w.

TO FANNY FERN'S 1,000,000 READERS!

A NEW BOOK COMING!

WE HAVE THE PLEASURE of announcing

that we have in press, and shall publish about

the first of December, a new work of fiction, entitled

ROSE CLARK,

A ROMANCE—BY FANNY FERN.

This work, and first continuous tale of this kind, and containing a full and complete history of a young woman's life, from her birth to her death, is a most interesting and valuable work, and one which will be read with interest and pleasure by all who are fond of fiction.

It will form a complete 12 mo. volume of over 300 pages. Price \$1.25, on receipt of which comes will be sent by mail, post-paid. It will be for sale by all book-sellers.

If any newspaper giving this advertisement three insertions, and sending a copy of paper, with advertisement marked, will receive an advance copy of the work, by mail, post-paid.

Published by MASON BROTHERS, New York.

CASH FOR OATS & CORN.

The highest market price, in cash, will be given for oats and corn at J. Thompson's Grocery, corner Main & Market streets, St. Clairsville, November 22.

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ROBERT P. THOMAS,  
Administrator.

Nov. 23, 1855.—3w.

Attachment.

Notice is hereby given that I, J. Folger, of the County of Hamilton, State of Ohio, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original of the same, as the same appears from the records of the Court of Common Pleas for said County, Ohio, in and to which said original is on file and recorded.

W. M. H. FOLGER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to overcome Evil.

"I once had a neighbor," says Mr. White, "who, though a clever man, came to me one day and said: 'Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away.'"

"Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?"

"They pick my pig's ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it."

"What can I do?" said I.

"That I have no time to do now," said I, "I do not see but they must run."

"If you do not take care of them I shall," said the clever shoemaker, in anger.

"What do you say, Esquire White?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages."

"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese.

The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

"Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him."

In a few days the shoemaker's hog broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had trampled down and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he.

"Yes sir; you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?"

"Yes sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know—they are made to eat it."

The shoemaker blushed and went home.

The next winter, when we came to settle the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.

"No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk we parted, but in a day or two I met him in the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner.

But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said:

"I have something laboring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"I've killed three of your geese, and shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am sorry. And the tears came into his eyes."

"Oh, well," said I, "never mind: I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him; but whenever my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad because he could show how potent he could be.

"Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."

Dr. Dunn Brown's Experience in Foreign Travel.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

Atlantic Ocean, (Top of it, and pretty well along towards the East side,) on board clipper ship Quickstep.

September 13th, 1855.

After several days of delay beyond the appointed time of sailing, owing partly to man (want of men) and partly to Providence, (want of wind,) we did finally succeed in sailing from the quarantine station in New York harbor on Monday, August 27th. The pilot, appearing on board early in the morning, in spite of rather unfavorable wind and an amount of swearing, (I could hardly tell which was the greater obstacle to the execution of his orders,) was successful in taking us out of the beautiful bay into the sea. Since 1 o'clock the same day we have seen no land except that in the horizon of our native soil which still remains on the faces of some of the sailors.

Being the day after our departure, I had time to make Land's End to-morrow and London to-morrow. However, this is all guess work with us, (passengers,) for the officers of the ship take particular pains to tell us the most ridiculous and conflicting stories as to our whereabouts and progress. This, and frightening the women with fearful tales of the dangers of the sea, constitute their idea of wit in its highest development.

First day out. Strong no-thrust wind, which, as that was precisely the direction we wished to go, was not on the whole favorable to our progress. The ship progressed in leaving over at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that you could walk with equal ease on the floor and on the leeward side of the cabin. Passengers were to be seen leaning over the bulwarks contemplating the ocean waves with signs of deep emotion, and occasional outpourings of feeling very touching to the beholder.

Second day. Precisely similar to the first.

Third day. If any thing a little more so: the wind a little stronger, the ship a little steeper, and the passengers a little sicker; every thing in short slightly aggravated. The evening was delightful. Sat several hours at the stern in the moonlight watching the bubbles of fire in the waves and musing upon home and friends. "Sail on the lee bow" shouted the lookout, and gradually a dark shadow became visible in the dim distance, glided like a spectre slowly past, and vanished. Waxing decidedly poetical under the combined influence of the moon, the waves, and the phantom ship, I was recalled to the realms of the real by a huge wave leaping over the taffrail and depositing at least a barrel of the "briny" in my lap. This picked I retired dripping to my state room, a wiser and a wetter man.

Fourth day. A lurch of the ship sent three cups of coffee, two men, (one of whom was my own humble servant,) one bowl of sugar, a woman and baby, three plates of ham, one hair brush, six roasted potatoes, a jar of pickles, and a wash-basin of water with a soapy boy in it, all into a corner of the cabin together. Selecting ourselves out of that heap of miscellaneous articles, and leaving the rest to be picked up by the steward, resumed our breakfast as if nothing had happened. Smart ship is the old Quickstep, only rather playful.

The first few days are a fair sample of the whole passage hitherto—fair, beautiful, dull, and stupid in the extreme. Life at sea is very poetical one hour perhaps out of the twenty-four, but precise enough the other twenty-three; may answer very well one day in the week, but deliver me from the other six. We are but a dozen of us passengers, mostly cockneys, returning in disgust from a brief sojourn in Yankee land to blessed Old England, the home of their infancy. Every one of us disagreeing with every other one on all possible subjects, we yet live together in great harmony, performing mutual offices of kindness and good fellowship; a little bullet-headed Dutchman offering a share of his cherished Schiedam schnapps to the sick wife of a Hungarian refugee.

Geese, a Kentuckian and a Londoner, and a wrangle of an hour and a half ending the merits of their respective countries in a couple of friendly brandy punches; a free-thinking London bookster and your humble servant, after spending the whole afternoon in the main-top-mast-cross-trees in discussing, metaphysically, theologically, and scripturally, the Nostradamus deluge, afterwards discussing a bottle of porter together (thoroughly exhausting both subjects).—

Though the Maine law is an admirable institution on land, yet if any body argues in favor of it here we silence him directly by presenting to his mouth and nose a glass of the diluted emetic which goes under the name of water on board ship. One dose is sufficient. The patient recovers immediately from his delusion, and pronounces the Maine

law entirely a terrestrial animal. If our

on and coffee were decent the case would be different; but as it is we are absolutely driven to porter, and some, I am afraid, even to stronger potations.

Yours, respectfully, DUNN BROWN.

AMOS LA BRENCE.—Fifty years ago or more, a young clerk, in the store of John Brazer, Groton, Massachusetts, took the ground of total abstinence. It was an odd, independent stand in those days, and new as odd. "An eleven o'clock" was the universal custom, and because everybody drank, he was laughed at for not drinking. That step laid the line of his truck. Fidelity to his moral perceptions blocked out the character of the man. That man was Amos Lawrence, afterwards the princely merchant of Boston, princely in wealth, virtues and benevolence. His life, long looked for, and just issued by Gould & Lincoln, is a book for the Times. It contains life-like likenesses of both Amos and Amos, whose benignant sweetness of expression, whose fully transferred to the page, we shall never forget, as it was once bent on us, in encouraging approval for some humble work of our pen. We hasten over its beautiful topography, for which these publishers are so justly distinguished, to point at the moral significance of its lessons.

Let young men study well (and it is hoped every young man will own this book,) the foundations upon which were reared his business character and success. What were they? Restraint upon appetite; discerning and discriminating judgment; strict economy; system in minute details; uncompromising integrity. These are not fashionable accomplishments we know, or favorite virtues, in this day, but they are none the less pillars of strength, to every man who builds upon them.

Blended with these, and growing up in social sweetness, was a benevolence which was as the very atmosphere of his being. It was not merely the throwing off of his surplus funds, ten thousand here, fifteen thousand there, and five thousand elsewhere, which rich men may do for other motives than a liberal and conscientious spirit. This he did, right royally; but it was, also, the benevolence, which takes thought of, and cares for little things; which is personal, affectionate and sympathetic; which diffuses in a thousand rills, whose unseen flow fertilizes without noise, and gladdens without glare. It is perhaps only under such nature, that the accumulation of riches is a blessing, and not a curse to its possessor; and men, who are making their thousands) Christian men, whose success is in danger of corroding their hearts, and corrupting their principles, would do well to take home this noble example of intelligent and conscientious stewardship.—*Pittsburgh Register.*

The House of Rothschilds.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press that the Rothschilds were worth eight hundred millions of dollars. A denial of the truth of this statement has been put forth. It would be a waste of words to discuss which estimate is correct. The wealth of the Rothschilds does not consist in lands and tenements, the value of which might be ascertained, but in stocks, bonds, and other descriptions of personal property, the amount of which no one knows but themselves. They may be worth the sum suggested or even more, and they may not be worth a quarter of that amount. It is even within the range of possibility, though it is not probably, that the Rothschilds may be worth nothing at all. If, for example, they hold the loans themselves which they have negotiated since the war began, the depreciation on those loans which has taken place lately has caused a loss of fifty millions of dollars. Or, again, a house like theirs, dealing wholly in fluctuating securities, might maintain its credit for years after it was absolutely bankrupt. Paul, Strahan & Co. is a case in point, though on a smaller scale.

The power of the Rothschilds may be estimated with more certainty. It is enormous. No single European monarch is strong enough to oppose it. So far back as forty years ago it proved too great for the first Napoleon, for it furnished the sinews of war to his enemies, and thus brought about his downfall. The Emperor, aware of this, sought to conciliate the Rothschilds on his return from Elba; but the head of that house repulsed his advances by the significant remark, "there are two Napoleons in Europe," and time soon showed that the moneyed Napoleon was the most powerful. At present the house is arrayed against Louis Napoleon, both because he rejects their intervention in obtaining loans, and because the war, which he has inaugurated, is damaging their securities so seriously. Austria, it is conceded, has uttered failure to make peace. The Rothschilds, it is generally supposed, are now trying their hands, for the disturbance in the specie market has been traced home to them, and there is certainly a strong chance of success, because nothing will make England so ready for a peace as a continued pressure on the money market.

We have alluded to the loans negotiated by the Rothschilds since the war began—These loans reach the enormous amount of five hundred and fifteen millions, viz: to England, 80,000,000; to Turkey, 340,000,000; to Austria, \$120,000,000; a first loan to Russia, \$130,000,000; to Sardinia, \$10,000,000; to England, in exchange bills, \$30,000,000; and a second loan, just being perfected, \$100,000,000. It is this last loan, which the Rothschilds, it is said, have agreed to make in gold, that is supposed to be at the bottom of the specie movement.

Most of these loans, it is to be presumed, have been sold out before this, the Rothschilds merely acting in such cases as agents between the public and the Governments that borrow. Nevertheless, the house that

can even temporarily assume such a burden

with little more than a twelve-month, must be one of gigantic influence, credit, and power. It is now plain that this same house is on the side of peace. It apparently favors Russia if peace should fail to be made. The conflict is thus rendered more equal; for the Allies, with the Rothschilds against them, have, as commercial nations, an enemy within their own borders; while Russia, with the Rothschilds on her side, has a certainty of being kept in funds, and money was that in which it now appears, she was most deficient.—*Ledger.*

The Mob Spirit in Missouri—The Parkville Affair.

The St. Louis Democrat, of the 20th inst., contains the latest news we have heard from Parkville. We trust the people will stand by their citizens, and teach the ruffians and out-laws that they have outlived the day when they can trample upon the rights of American citizens with impunity. We copy the following from the Democrat of the above date:

"We are in receipt of intelligence from Platte county relative to the unsettled condition of things there, which we have time only this morning to detail in the briefest space. Our informant was an eye-witness of what he has related to us, and his account, so far as it goes, can be fully depended upon. Mr. Park, accompanied by his lady, arrived in Parkville about a fortnight since. He was kindly received, and lived quietly about his business, expecting as soon as that was settled to proceed to Texas. A day or two after his arrival he was informed on good authority that the 'Secret Association' had met some days previously in Platte City, at the call of the 'Platte County Artillery'; that they were determined to drive him off at all hazards, and that they would be down some morning of that week. Revolvers were reported to have been sent down, letters were said to have been received stating that the Association would destroy Parkville if opposition was made. Intelligence of this state of affairs having quickly spread through the town, about two hundred of the inhabitants assembled, and passed resolutions inviting Mr. Park to remain. At the same time a committee was appointed to meet the secret body, when they came into town and represent the wishes and determination of the citizens of Parkville. Much discussion took place on the street, and Mr. Richardson, Col. Summers, Col. Burns, Capt. Burdett and others made speeches to the crowd in support of justice and right. When the committee of the secret organization arrived, they were met by Colonel Burns, and much exciting discussion ensued, when the committee left town. Next day another committee arrived. In the meantime several men from the surrounding counties had gathered into town to defend Mr. Park. Anxious to restore peace, Mr. Park made an address to the committee, declaring that he had come in a private capacity to transact business, and while he could never concede a single right he was ready to do anything that was manly and honorable to prevent the effusion of blood; but he was in the hands of his friends. Col. Burns then asked them if they were satisfied, to which they responded, 'no.' Col. Burns then said: 'Then let the principles be settled in blood. We ask the honor of war. Set your day and we will meet you but don't sneak down in the night. Come on, and blood will flow as freely as in the Mexican war. We fight for principles, for right!' Col. Summers added: 'Let them come and the streets of Parkville will be hotter than hell in fifteen minutes!' Meetings of the friends of law and order, and of the secret league, continued to be held up to the time when our information terminated, and all kinds of exciting rumors prevailed. It was reported that Atchison was at Platte City. Our informant learns that propositions for civil war and dissolution had been strongly urged by members of the secret league. We shall await further tidings with anxiety."

Election Riots in New Orleans.

New Orleans papers give the following account of riots in that city on the day of the recent election:

"As soon as approached an excitement commenced at the eighteenth precinct, in a contest for precedence in approaching the polls. Major Henry Blake, one of the officers of a German military company, who assumed a championship of the Democratic side, struck one of the Americans, and thereupon half a dozen revolvers were drawn on him. He started to run, and some eighteen or twenty shots were fired at him. One bullet took effect in his thigh, another in his foot, and a third passed across his breast. Soon after several fights ensued, and among others E. D. White, a city contractor, was badly beaten and wounded."

"The next difficulty occurred at the twentieth precinct. A man named Antoine Fuller, a native of France, who had his naturalization papers in his hand, was stabbed in the centre of the abdomen. His friend put him in a cab and conveyed him to the Charity Hospital, but he died before he arrived there."

"Towards evening Dr. Sheerer, who kept a drug store at the corner of German and St. Ferdinand streets, was fatally wounded by a pistol shot at the polling booth of the twentieth district. It is said he went to the poll with his naturalization papers in one hand and a pistol in the other, and that, being opposed by an American, he fired at him and wounded him in the arm; the American then returned the fire, and the shot proved fatal. A man named Antoine Warr was also shot in the leg. Several shots were fired at James Boylan, while he was on horseback, and a German was stabbed or wounded in his face."

"Towards 11 o'clock a party broke into the ninth precinct, and destroyed the ballot box with its contents. There is said to have been a Democratic majority of sixty or seventy in this precinct."

"At midnight a crowd forced their way into the engine-house, where the inspectors of the seventh precinct were counting the votes. They at once forced the inspectors and clerks to retire, when they seized the ballot-box, and utterly demolished both it and the ballots."

"The perpetrators of these outrages deserve and meet with no sympathy from respectable sources anywhere. The editor of the New Orleans Bee asserts that he has not seen an individual who does not express detestation at them, and calls upon the civil authorities to use every exertion to discover and punish the guilty parties; and, in behalf of the American party, it says, 'better far, better, be defeated even by fraud and dishonest machinations than lay violent hands on the sacred repository of the suffrages.'"

ILLNESS OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—Dr. E. Read, the physician of Judge Douglas, writes from Terre Haute, Ind., November 19, to The Chicago Times as follows:

"I have noticed various paragraphs in relation to the illness of Hon. S. A. Douglas who is under my professional care, which may have some tendency to mislead the public mind as to his real condition. Knowing the general anxiety throughout the country in regard to him, and that the time is near at hand when it may be expected that he will resume his duties in the Senate, I have thought it due to his friends and the public to state that for the last three weeks he has been seriously ill, and that during that time he has not been able to leave his bed. At one period there was a slight amendment of his symptoms, which induced the hope of a speedy recovery, but it proved to be delusive, and there is not any change which would warrant me in saying when it will be prudent or safe for him to leave his room. I trust this statement will likewise afford a suitable apology to the Judge's numerous correspondents, as he has not been nor is he now, in a condition either to write or dictate."

OCCUPATION A BALM FOR SORROW.—Mrs. Stephens, in the "Old Homestead," says:

"Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancy or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows of a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always permit. Before you dream of it, these waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will brighten the future—flowers that will be pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man."

WHAT IS A TON OF COAL?—Judge Grier of the United States Supreme Court has decided that a ton weight means 2,240 lbs., and that no State law can be enacted altering the quantity. According to this decision, every coal dealer who gives but 2,000 lbs., to the ton can be arrested and convicted for swindling. The law of Pennsylvania makes the ton only 2,000 lbs., and a violent warfare has for some time been waged against the coal dealers, with the result as above stated.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The total vote in the city of Baltimore, at the late election, was 35,916—the largest ever made.

For The Belmont Chronicle.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21, 1855.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES lately gave several lectures in this city. He is the man who wouldn't write as funny as he could, and he would doubtless be fatal to vast numbers. He says the first physical product of American civilization is a stamp, and the first intellectual product, the stamp-speaker.

Just now, when so much is said of Gov. Shannon, I hope it will not be mal-apropos for me to "put in my ear." When I was in Baltimore, (I wish there was some way of getting rid of this spectral personal pronoun; how would it do to say when "we editorially speaking, were in Baltimore?) I had a number of books and pamphlets, which proving rather cumbersome in traveling, I resolved to

"These away the proper part."

Among the number to be disposed of was a copy of the "Democratic Review," embellished with a portrait of the Governor. When the bibliophile, to whom I sold them, saw the "Review," and the portrait, he shook his head, and said nothing could be done with such things in that section. I know not to which he took a dislike—the "Review" or the Governor. The Governor is not an ugly man.

To-morrow will be "Thanksgiving," and from all indications, the day will be generally observed in this city. "Let us sing praise unto the Lord." "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein."

CLEVELAND, MENNA AND T. R. R.—The last information we received in relation to this road was to the effect that the firm Granton here would be under contract for preparation for the rail in a short time. We presume there is no change in the prospects or condition of the work since that time, and we look forward, therefore, to its construction at an early day. There seems to have been an unusual degree of apathy in relation to this work, both here and along the line of it. The farmers, who are to derive the greatest benefit from it, have not come forward with promptness to take the stock necessary, and the company have therefore been delayed with the work. The value of produce along the line of railroad is increased just in proportion as the cost of getting to market is lessened. If the wheat and corn crop is increased in value five cents per bushel, the increased value of the product of the two would be annually over \$50,000. This is so much direct gain to the farmers along the line of the road, and is more than ten times the interest of all they need now subscribe to it, and in fact is more than the full sum wanted to complete the work to this point. With the fact before them we should not suppose there would be any hesitation but that the money would be realized at once. We hoped the days of backwardness and delay are about over, and that in a very short time the shovels and the picks will be again performing their office upon it to the satisfaction of all parties.—*Massillon News.*

WHAT A CHANGE!—The Zanesville Courier, of Wednesday says:—A special train on the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad came in yesterday evening, bringing Messrs. Corwin, Tallmadge, Hall, and McLean, of the Board of Directors; Russell, Pierce, Case and Bregman, of the Wilmington, Washington and Circleville Editorial corps, and Gen. Sanderson, of Lancaster. The track is in good order, much better than was expected.

In 1891, Gen. Sanderson rode the mail on horseback, from Zanesville via Lancaster to Chillicothe. Yesterday, he came from Lancaster to this city by Railroad. What a change!

In 1806, he carried the mail from Wheeling to Chillicothe, and was here at the time of the total eclipse of the sun in that year. The mail, at that time, was opened only at Wheeling, St. Clairsville, Zanesville, Lancaster and Chillicothe. The Post Office was nearly opposite where our office now is, and hazel bushes grew in abundance. Mr. Abel Lewis was the Post Master then.

Gen. Sanderson has now arrived at a good old age, is in comfortable circumstances, and enjoys good health.

CAPITOL BUILDING.—The new Capitol Building at Washington is spoken of in the highest terms of admiration. We copy the dimensions from the Baltimore Sun:

The entire length of the Capitol building, when completed, will be 751 feet 4 inches; length of wings, including steps, 324 feet; width of wings, 142 feet. The area of ground actually covered will be 163,113 feet, or more than three and a half acres of ground. The old Dome is fast disappearing—when removed, it will be superseded by one far exceeding in utility and magnificence even that of the celebrated "St. Peters."

The beautiful intention of Professor Walters will rise three hundred feet above the basement floor, and reach three hundred and eighty feet above tide water. It will contain 124 windows, many of which will be eighteen feet in height. Decorated with entablatures which will be emblematical, of the most important events in American history, and such arrangements have been adopted that all visitors, from those in the spring-time of life to the hoary-haired veteran, can easily ascend, and from the lofty extent of all our lofty eminences behold the extent and grandeur of the National Metropolis.

Niepiece, the co-laborer of Daguerre has succeeded, after years of study and experience, in almost perfecting the art his co-associate discovered. "I have begun," says he, "with producing in the camera obscura colored engravings, taken artificially, and lastly, dead nature. I have obtained all the colors, and what is more extraordinary and curious, gold and silver are depicted with their metallic lustre, and porcelain and alabaster are depicted with the lustre natural to them."

"BORN ORATORS."—S. S. Prentiss, says Putnam's Magazine, "was a born orator." Such was not the testimony of the late Alexander K. McClung, whose intimacy with Mr. Prentiss during the most glorious years of his life, gave him peculiar advantages for forming a correct judgment. McClung used to say that he had known in his time, but two "born orators"—men who talked eloquently always, because they couldn't help it—because they were perpetually inspired and needed no previous preparation: one of them was Tom Marshall of Kentucky, & the other, Tom Corwin of Ohio. All the rest he had ever met, including Prentiss, the most eloquent of all, had to prepare themselves carefully and laboriously before hand. Prentiss, he said, sometimes failed.—*Marshall and Corwin never.*—*Memphis Eagle.*

M'Neely Normal School.

The Ohio State Journal in speaking of this school, says:—"This school, situated at Hopedale, Harrison county, two and a half miles from Miley's Station, on the Steubenville and Indiana R. R., will open regularly on the 26th inst., under the most favorable auspices."

"A Teachers' Institute was held in the building during the fourth week in October, which was attended by nearly two hundred. More than \$2,000 was subscribed for the endowment of the school during the session."

"Mr. John Ogden, for some years Principal of the normal department of the University at Delaware, has been elected Principal. Mr. Eli Regal, who has for some time had charge of the school sustained by Mr. M'Neely will continue in charge of the Academic Department."

John B. Cough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, was waited upon in England, prior to his departure for the United States, with his Income Tax bill, which was charged at £87 10 shillings, being the tax towards the expenses of the Russian war, on his income as a lecturer, estimated at £1500.

A friend who recently happened on the same car with Horace Greeley, tells the following: Mr. Greeley was trying to read a newspaper for the "dim religious light" of a car lamp. In order to see, he raised the wick; but hardly had he done so, before the lamp-trimmer came along and turned it down. The moment his back was turned, Greeley raised it up again. The knight of the "Dark Lantern" presently came along again, and partly shut off the light by which the philosopher was reading. Greeley remonstrated. The official thrust his lantern into his face, surveying him with a contemptuous air a moment, and coolly replied: "Old fellow, you talk too much."—*Buff. Rep.*

The Washington correspondent of the New-York Sun says:

Whoever denies it the fact is, Russia has made overtures to our government for placing all her territory in America at our disposal, and a new Minister is coming to propose this and other important advantages to the United States, officially, as well as to inform the United States that the terms of peace with the Allies will be embodied vast commercial advantages to this country. Two months will prove all this.

FOREIGNERS AND CATHOLICS AT THE SOUTH.—The following statistics, compiled from the census returns of 1850 for partisan purposes, possess interest in other respects. They show the proportion of Foreigners and Catholics to the total population of the fourteen Southern States. Compared with the native population the number of foreigners is but two to thirty-nine and the number of Catholics not quite one to thirty-five:

States.	Catholics.	Foreign.	Native.
1. Alabama.	7,498	5,200	426,514
2. Arkansas.	1,498	1,600	162,189
3. Florida.	2,740	1,850	47,203
4. Georgia.	5,432	4,250	521,572
5. Kentucky.			